

DELL
COMIC

NOVEMBER 10¢

LOONEY TUNES



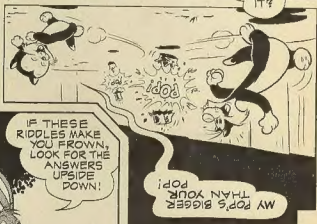
Merrile Melodies comics



WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

Present

BUGS BUNNY Bafflers

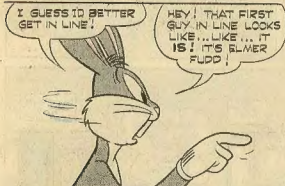


BUGS BUNNY

WORLD SERIES TODAY

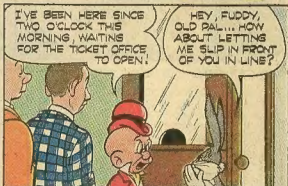


SOLLY! LOOK AT THIS LINE-UP FOR THE WORLD SERIES BASEBALL TICKETS! I HOPE I CAN GET A TICKET FOR THIS AFTERNOON'S GAME!



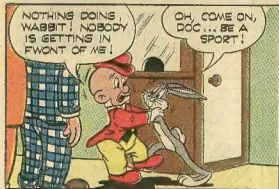
I GUESS I'D BETTER GET IN LINE!

HEY! THAT FIRST GUY IN LINE LOOKS LIKE... LIKE... IT IS! IT'S OLIVER FUDD!



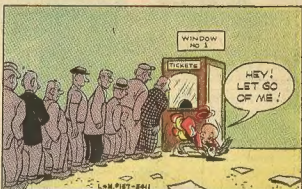
I'VE BEEN HERE SINCE TWO O'CLOCK THIS MORNING, WAITING FOR THE TICKET OFFICE TO OPEN!

HEY, FUDDY, OLD PAL... HOW ABOUT LETTING ME SLIP IN FRONT OF YOU IN LINE?



NOTHING DOES, WABBIT! NOBODY IS GETTING IN FRONT OF ME!

OH, COME ON, DOC... BE A SPORT!



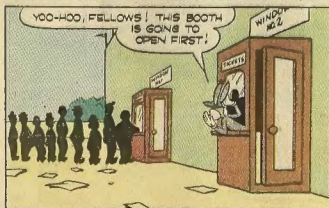
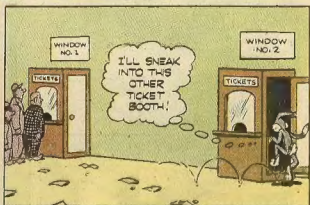
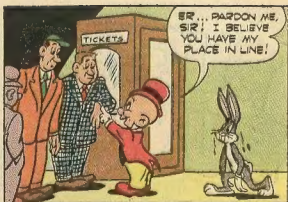
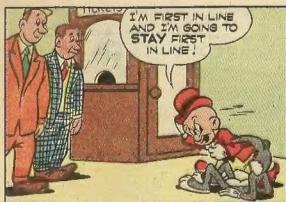
HEY! LET GO OF ME!

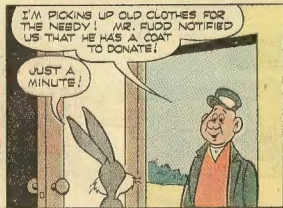
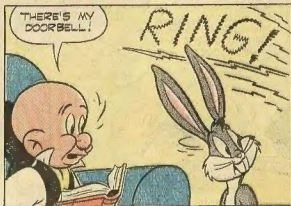
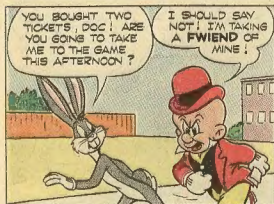
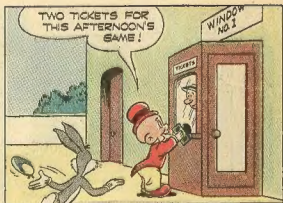
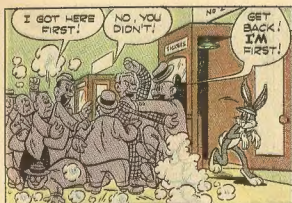
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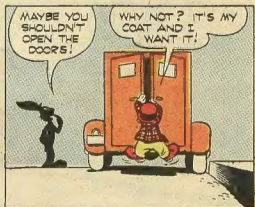
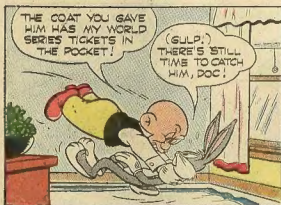
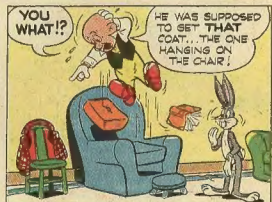
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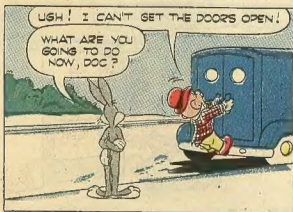
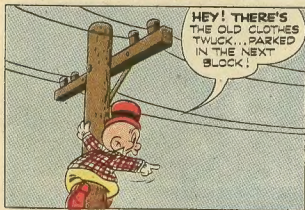
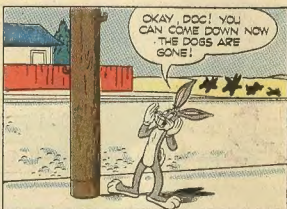
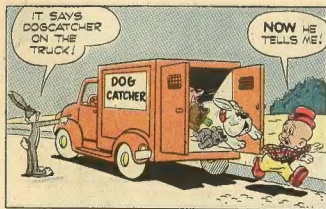
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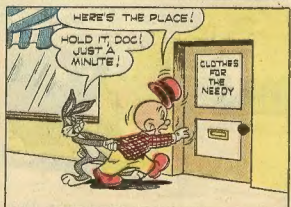
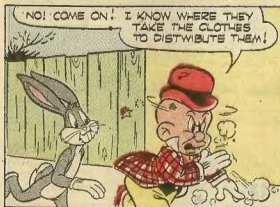
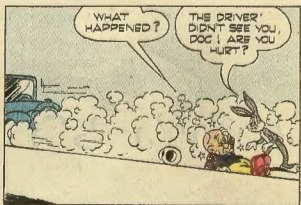
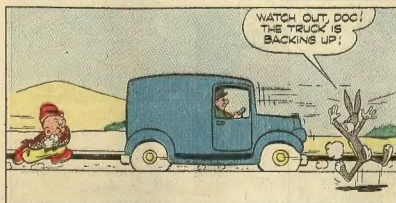
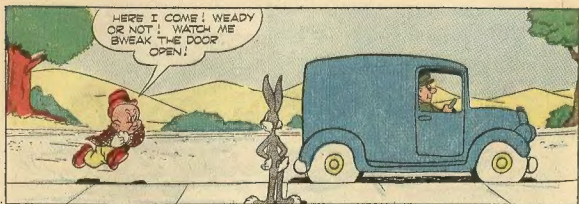
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS







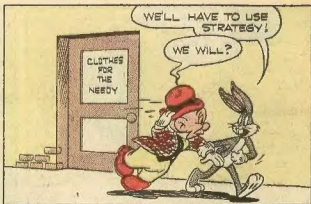




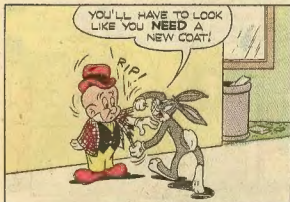
YOU CAN'T JUST GO IN AND EXPECT 'EM TO GIVE YOU THE COAT!



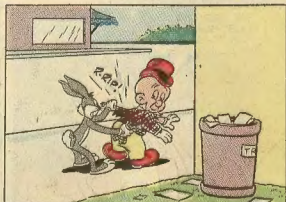
WE'LL HAVE TO USE STRATEGY!
WE WILL?



YOU'LL HAVE TO LOOK LIKE YOU NEED A NEW COAT!



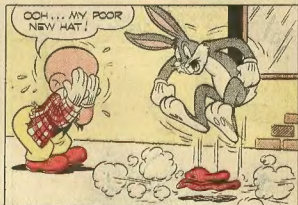
RIP!



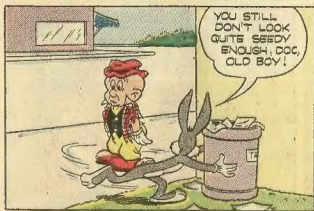
SOMETHING WILL HAVE TO BE DONE ABOUT THIS LID, DOC!



OOH... MY POOR NEW HAT!

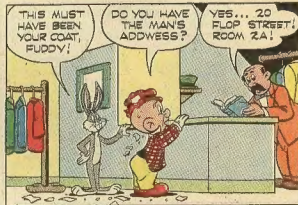


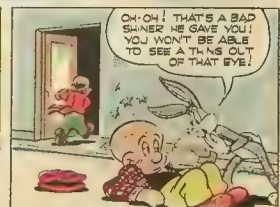
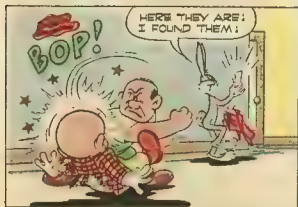
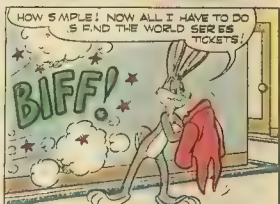
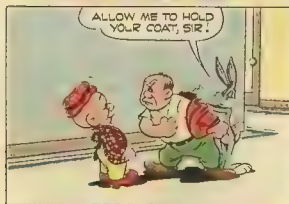
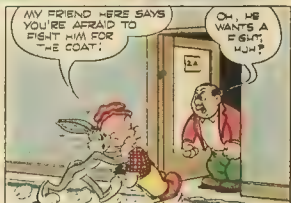
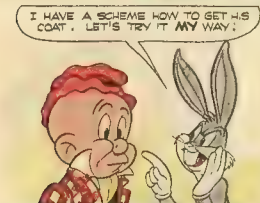
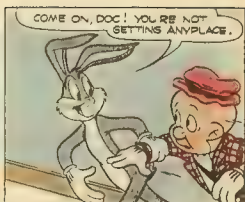
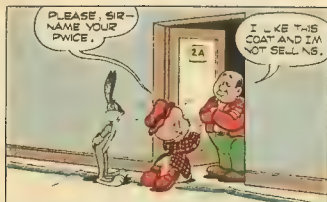
YOU STILL DON'T LOOK QUITE SEEDY ENOUGH, DOC, OLD BOY!

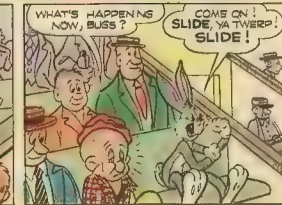
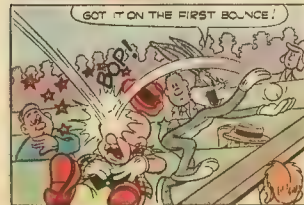
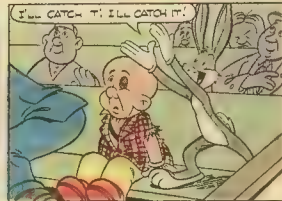
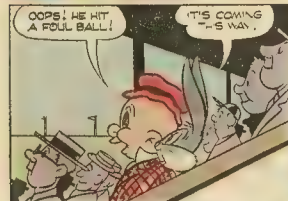
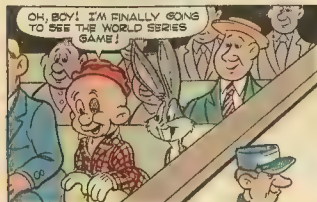
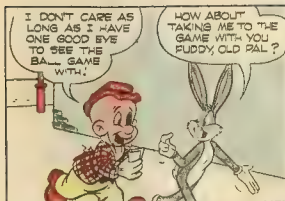


THERE EASY DOES IT!



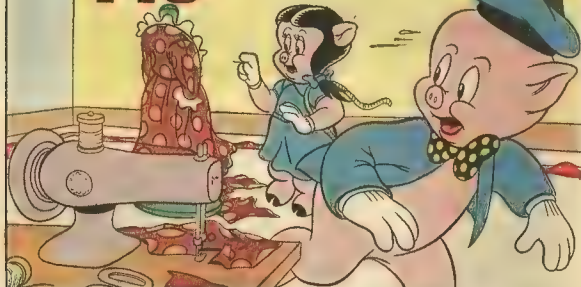






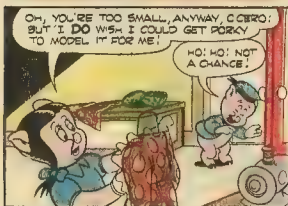
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS INC. present

PORKY PIG



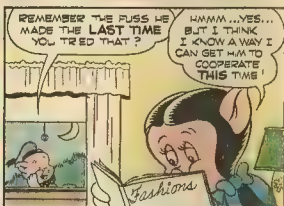
OH, DEAR! I
JUST CAN'T GET MY
NEW PARTY GOWN
TO HANG RIGHT ON
THE DRESS FORM!

WELL, YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO
TRY IT ON ME,
PETUNIA.



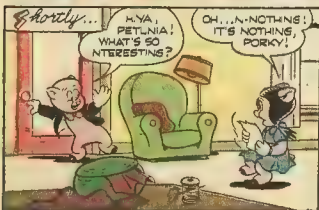
OH, YOU'RE TOO SMALL, ANYWAY, CHERO:
BUT I DO WISH I COULD GET PORKY
TO MODEL IT FOR ME!

HO, HO, NOT
A CHANCE!



REMEMBER THE FUSS HE
MADE THE LAST TIME
YOU TRIED THAT?

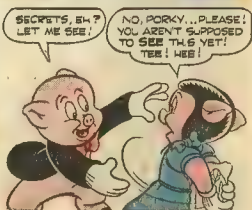
HMMM...YES...
BUT I THINK
I KNOW A WAY I
CAN GET HIM TO
COOPERATE
THIS TIME!



Shortly...

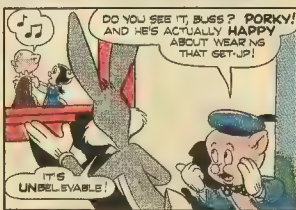
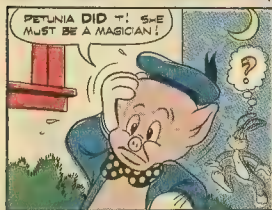
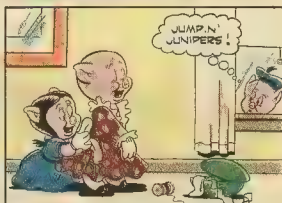
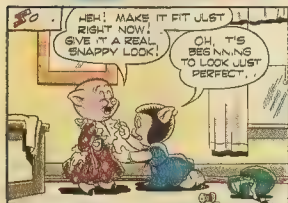
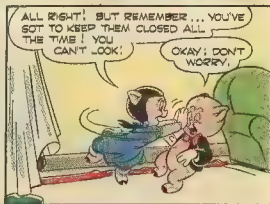
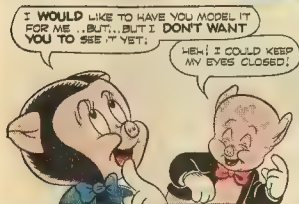
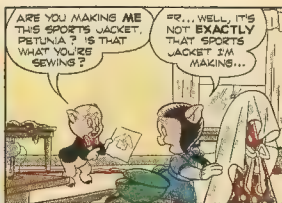
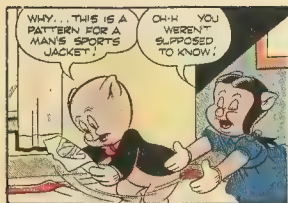
MYA,
PETUNIA!
WHAT'S SO
INTERESTING?

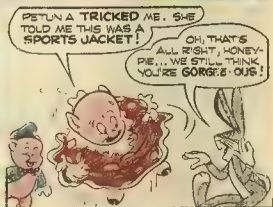
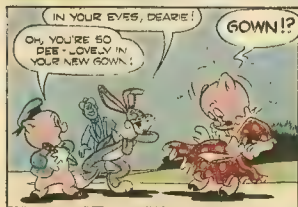
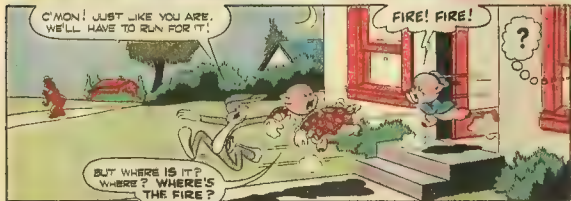
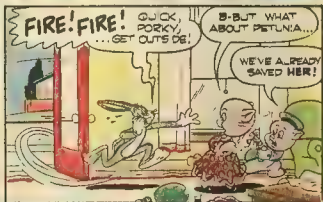
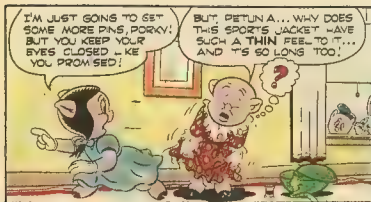
OH...N-NOTHING!
IT'S NOTHING,
PORKY!

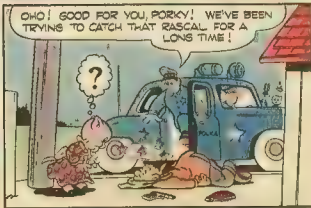
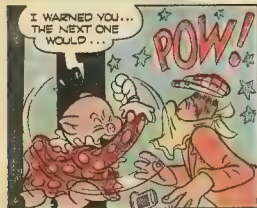
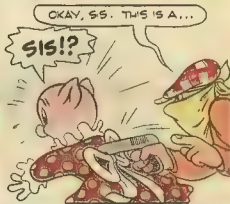
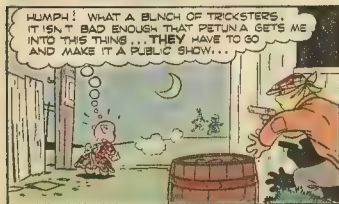
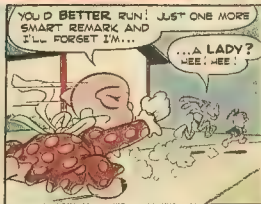
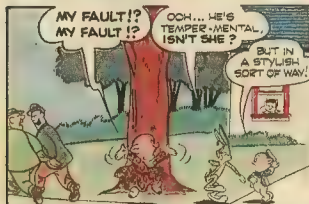
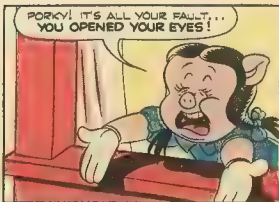
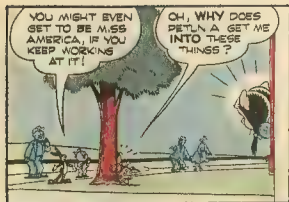


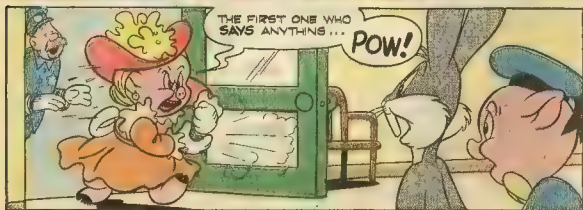
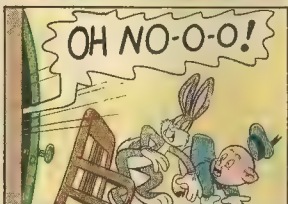
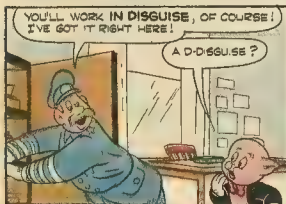
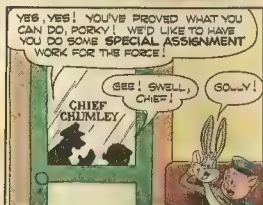
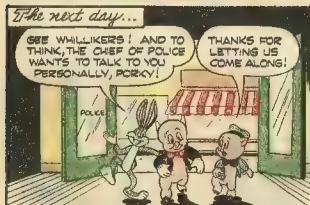
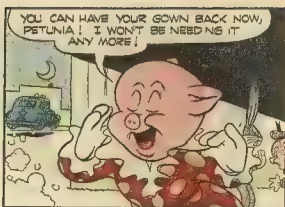
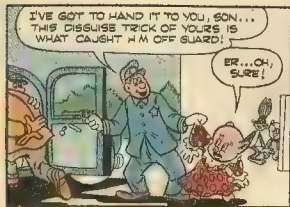
SECRETS, EH?
LET ME SEE!

NO, PORKY...PLEASE!
YOU AREN'T SUPPOSED
TO SEE THIS YET!
TEE! HEE!







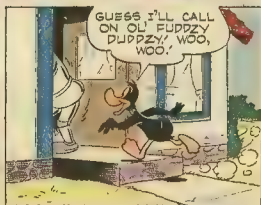
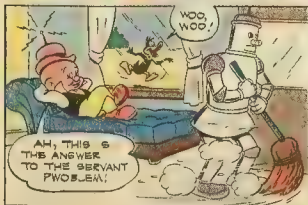
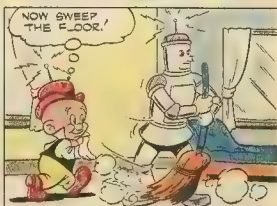
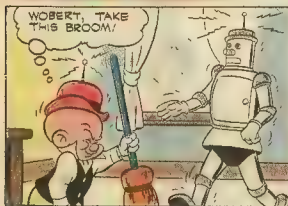
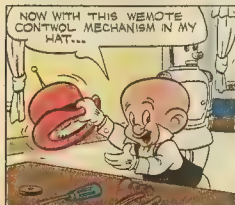
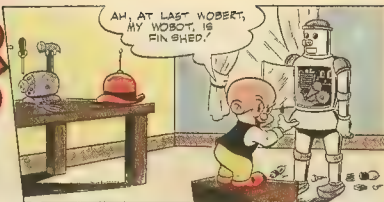


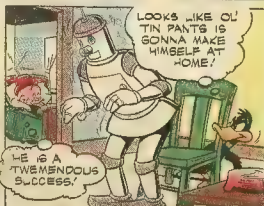
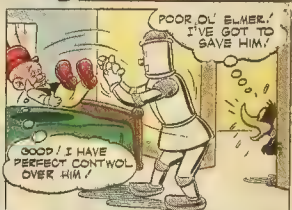
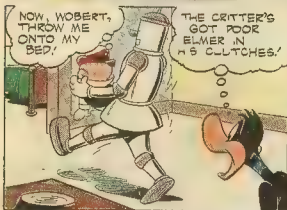
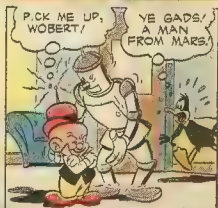
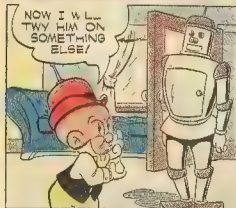
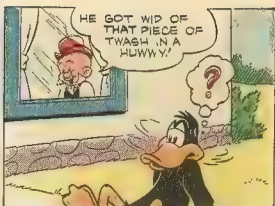
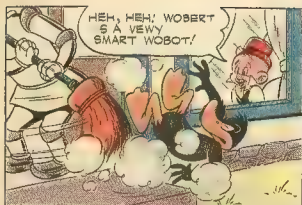
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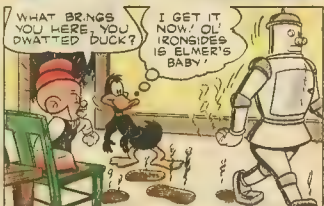
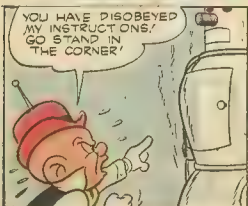
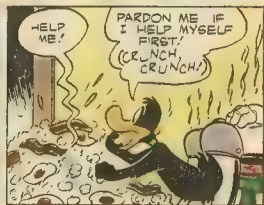
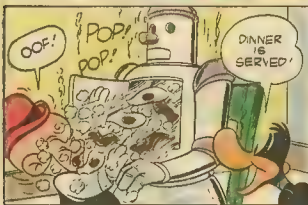
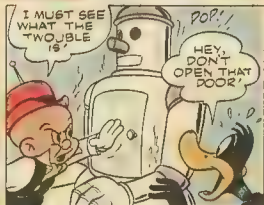
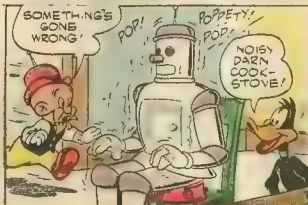
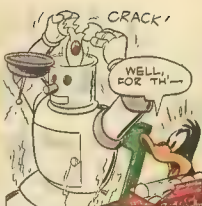
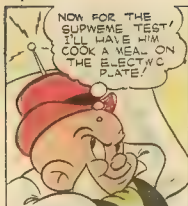
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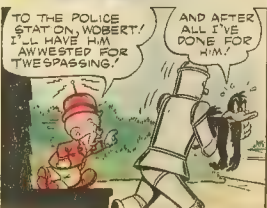
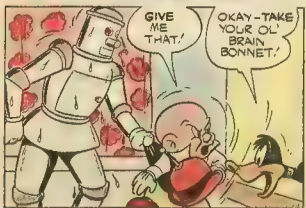
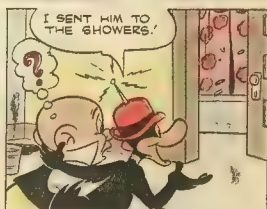
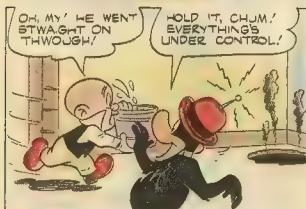
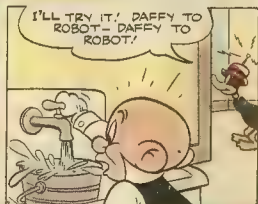
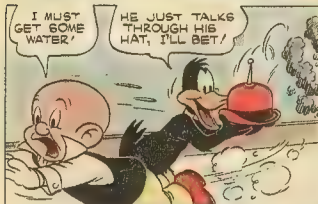
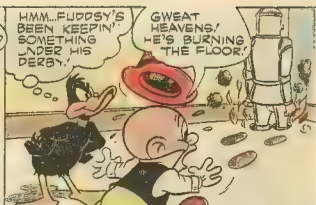
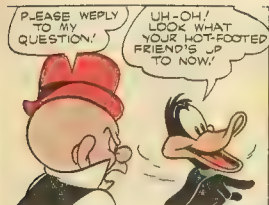
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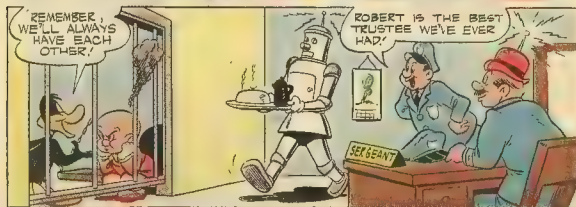
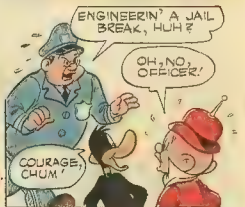
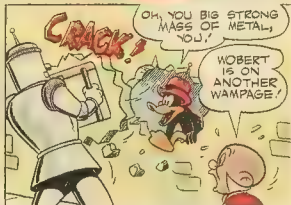
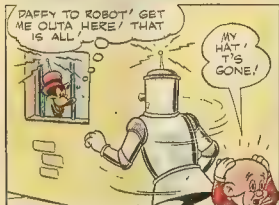
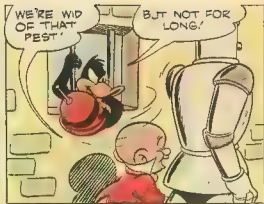
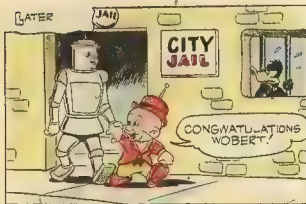
and Daffy













The big yellow moon lighted up the two white figures creeping down the road. It was Halloween, and the wind seemed to be talking through the trees, while the leaves took on strange shapes in the night.

"Jumpin' jackfish!" Bugs shivered, drawing the white sheet closer about him. "It's sure scary out!"

"Shucks," Porky scoffed, "it's just like any other night." He peered at Bugs through the darkness. "Do you want to change your mind about visiting the old haunted house?"

"I do not!" Bugs told him emphatically. "Whose idea was this, anyhow? Who—er—borrowed Petunia's sheets?"

"You did," Porky admitted, "but I don't know how good this particular idea is. Do you really think that dressing up like ghosts will frighten away the real ghosts in the haunted house?"

"Of course it will," Bugs assured him. "Why, we look more like ghosts than the real ghosts do themselves, I bet!"

"I've never seen a real ghost," Porky said, wide-eyed.

Bugs bowed very low. "Be my guest," he invited.

Suddenly a dark shape darted across their path. With a yell, Bugs shot up into the air. Porky waited till his knees stopped shaking, then turned his flashlight straight ahead.

"Hey, Bugs," he laughed. "It's just a black cat." He stopped short. "What am I saying just a black cat?" He peered about him. "Bugs? Hey, Bugs! Where are you?"

"H—Here." Bugs was halfway up a tree, hanging on for dear life.

Porky began to chuckle. "You weren't scared at all, were you?"

Bugs collected himself hurriedly and jumped to the ground. "Me scared? Ha! That's a laugh! I just thought he'd climbed up that tree, and I was after him, that's all. He tried hard to look casual. "Fast thinking, that's what I was doing."

Porky giggled. "It looked more like fast running from where I stood," he said.

"Come on," Bugs said crossly. "We have work to do. There's no time for mutiny in the ranks."

"You're right," Porky agreed, "and if you want the honest-to-goodness facts, I was plenty scared myself!"

They crept down the dark road and sneaked across the vacant lot next to the deserted house.

The door squeaked and groaned as they turned the handle. It was pitch black inside and the two ghosts clung together fearfully.

"Tell you what," Bugs offered in a too-loud voice, "You go first. I'll stay here and make certain no one is following us."

"Nothing doing!" Porky decided firmly. "We go together or we don't go at all."

Bugs waved an airy hand. "Oh, well, of course if you're frightened, I'll come along to protect—Yipe!"

Two big black bats swooped past them toward the door. "I'll bet that scared you silly," Bugs said to Porky after he'd caught his own breath.

"Who are you kidding?" Porky retorted. He reached his hand along the wall. "Let's get some light on this subject. Things al-

ways look better in the light."

Bugs chuckled, "Pipe him," he said, shaking his head. "He'll want running water next! Where do you think you are, Porky, the Ritz? There won't be any lights. Why do you suppose we brought flashlights?"

"Well, let's use them then," Porky suggested. "It's too dark here for comfort."

They flashed their lights around the room and were not much cheered by what they saw. Cobwebs filled every corner and they had to be careful not to trip over the broken floorboards.

"Gosh," Porky observed, "I don't think anyone's ever lived here."

"I just hope no one's livin' here now," Bugs commented.

"Where do you suppose those stairs lead?" Porky asked, flashing his light on the rickety steps ahead.

"I'm getting less and less interested," Bugs told him. "But if we're going on a ghost hunt, let's do it."

For once, Bugs led the way, with Porky close behind him. The two black bats flew down and settled on their shoulders.

"Hope you're perfectly comfortable," Bugs said, his eyes rolling toward the one that had chosen him.

Porky shuddered, then he gave a sudden scream "Hey, Bugs! Look out! There's no top to these stairs!"

But Bugs had found out the hard way. He flipped in mid-air and went past the first floor all the way to the basement.

Porky looked from the stairs to the hole in the floor. "What a terrible place," he

muttered. "Stairs with no tops to them and floors with no boards in them. No wonder no one lives here!"

"While you're getting philosophical," Bug's voice came from below, "let me be the first to tell you this joint really does have running water. Get me out of here!" There was a sound of frantic splashing.

Porky looked around him wildly. "How do I get there?" he cried.

"Same way I got here, if necessary," Bugs shouted.

"There must be another way," Porky begged. "Wait, Bugs, I think I have an idea." He ripped off his sheet and began folding it into a long straight rope. "Hang on!" he called.

"Take your time," Bugs gurgled. "I was thirsty anyhow."

Porky poked the sheet down the gaping hole in the floor. "Catch it, Bugs, and I'll pull you up."

He felt Bug's answering tug on the sheet and sighed in relief. He leaned back and began to pull with all of his might.

Then there was a loud thumping on the front door. Porky was so startled he let go of his end of the sheet. "Golly!" he gasped "Ghosts!"

The door fell to the ground and two big state troopers marched in. They grabbed Porky and shouted to the crowd of people outside, "It's all right, folks. We've got them surrounded!"

"Please," Porky protested. "I didn't do anything. I was just looking for ghosts."

"Ha," one trooper laughed. "That's a good one."

There was a sound of blubbling from below. The trooper jumped "Hey," he cried. "Maybe you're not kidding, at that!"

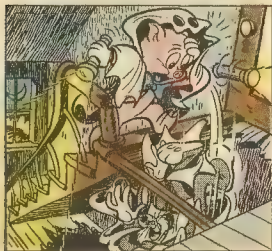
"Bugs!" Porky remembered frantically. "Oh, get him out of there, please!"

A few minutes later, a waterlogged ghost came up to the surface. Bugs blew the hair out of his eyes, flopped on his elbow and gazed up at the crowd.

"My public," he smiled.

"My sheets!" Petunia's voice came from the crowd.

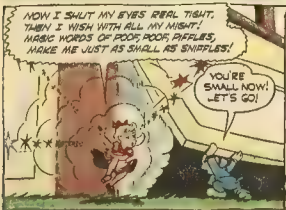
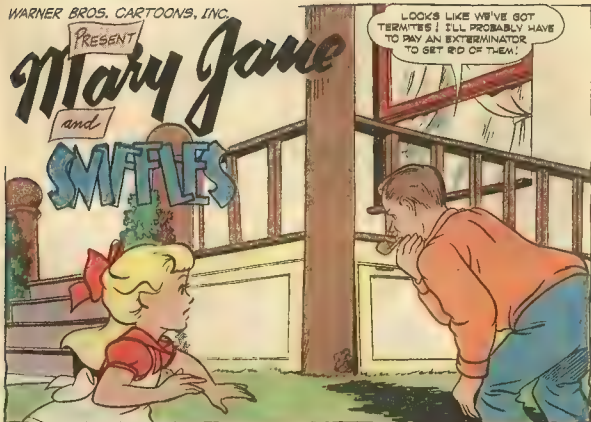
"My gosh!" Porky shouted, and he grabbed Bug's hand and they ran as if, indeed, ghosts were chasing them.

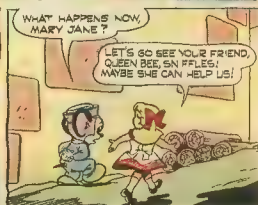
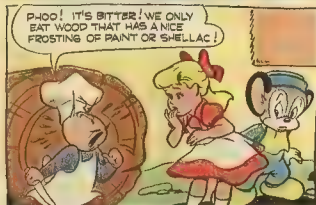
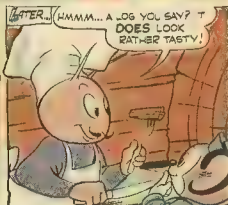
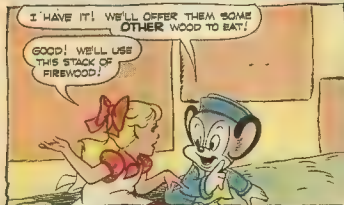
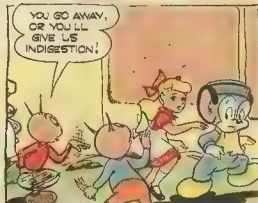
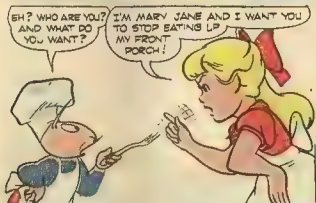
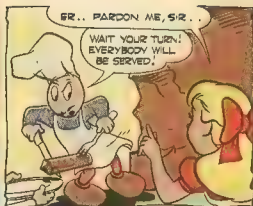


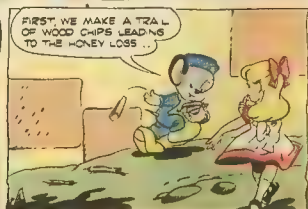
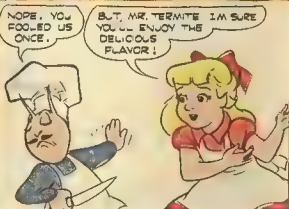
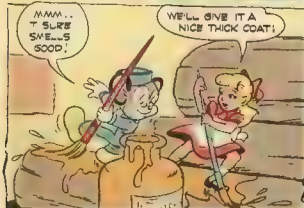
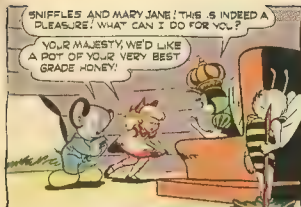
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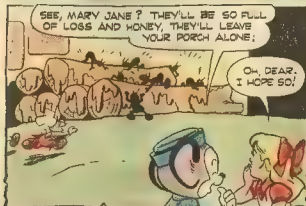
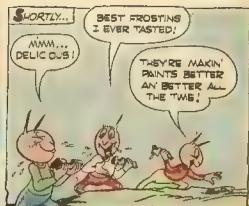
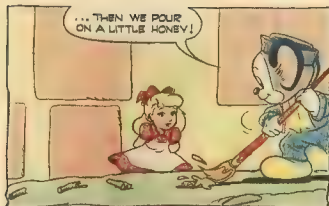
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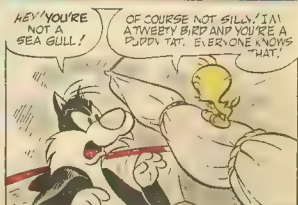
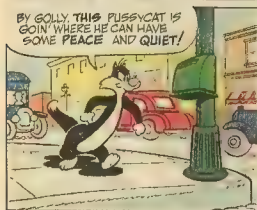
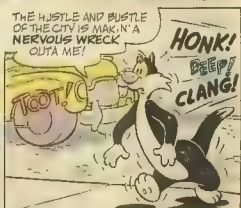
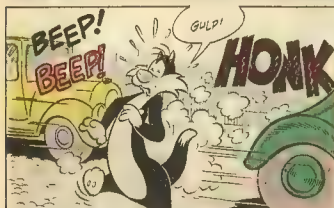
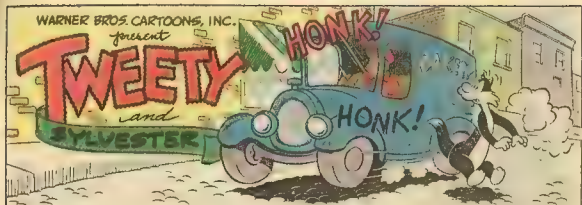
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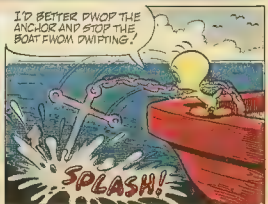
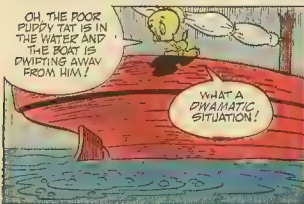
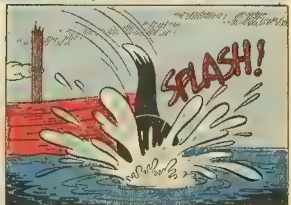
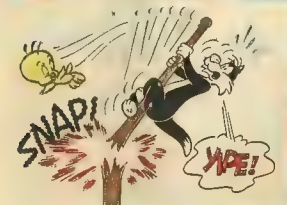
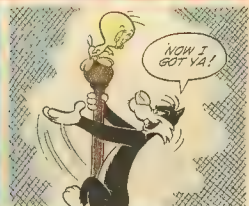
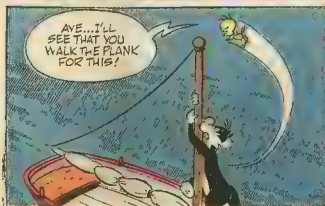
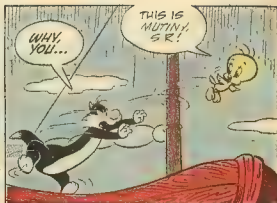
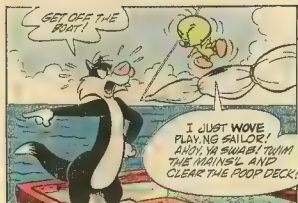


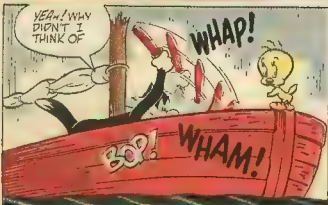
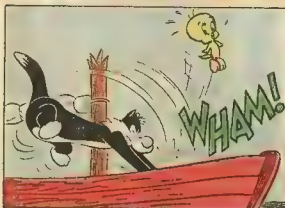
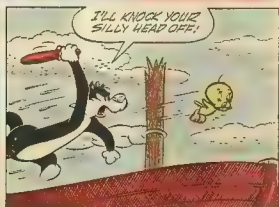
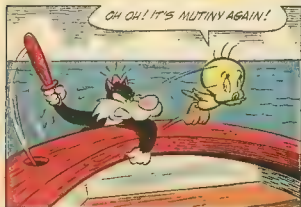
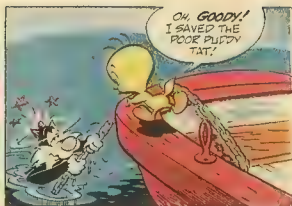


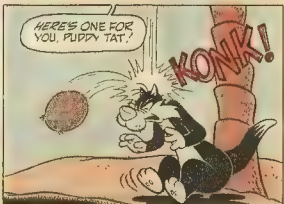
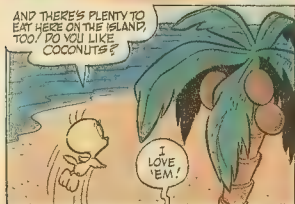
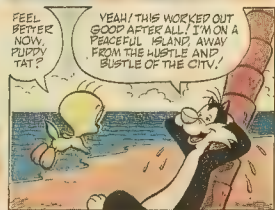
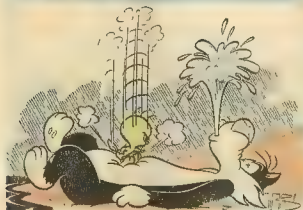
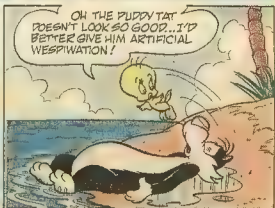
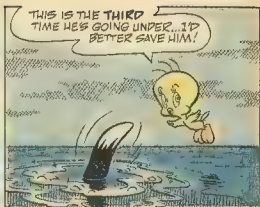
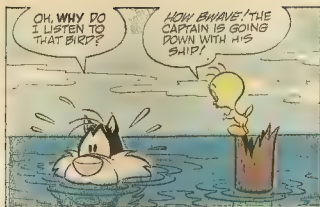


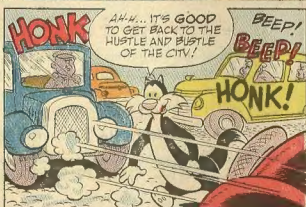
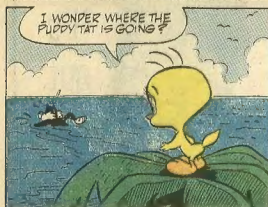
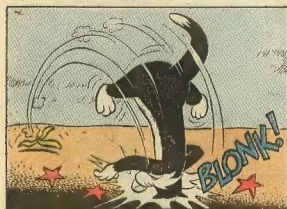












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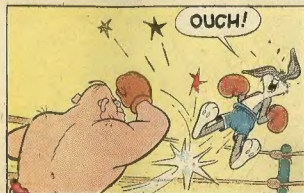
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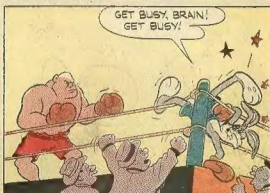


TANG!

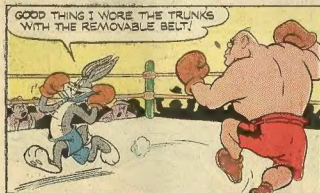
SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS IS
GOING TO BE A BATTLE 'TWIXT
BRAIN AN BRAWN!



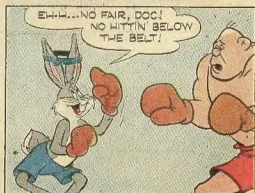
OUCH!



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GET BUSY!



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